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THE PIPER, BY PADDY SCOTT.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

BREATHES there a native of the *sod*,
 With blood less warm than that of cod;
 Who loves not Erin, 'midst her wrongs,
 And slanders vile from thousand tongues;
 Pour'd forth to aggravate her woes,
 From seeming friends and bigot foes,
 From canting hypocritic knaves,
 The veriest of the rabble's slaves—
 If such there lives, go, mark his doom—
 A timeless and dishonour'd tomb.

II.

High though his station for the hour,
 Shorn be his locks of fancied power;
 May giddy megrims whiz about him,
 And honest souls for ever scout him,
 And grinning goblins pinch and flout him,
 And devils tweak his nose;
 May horrors rattle round his head,
 And nightmare on his slumbers tread,
 And friends yell round his troubled bed,
 And blast his night's repose;
 And curs'd his base and blacken'd heart,
 Who fears to 'pouse his country's part;
 And curs'd his prostituted lore,
 Who coldly slurs his country o'er.—
 Enough, enough—a patriot's bann
 Is on that luckless, wretched man.

III.

O Erin! how I love thy plains,
 Thy daughters fair, and laughing swains;
 Thy woody glens, and mountains high,
 Delight my truly Irish eye;
 Thy cheerful circles, frank and free,
 Thy rude, but friendly revelry,
 Thy songs of mirth, and tales of woe,
 Excite my bosom's filial glow.
 I love to ramble through thy bogs,
 And hills enrob'd in mists and fogs;
 And much I love, at Christmas tide,
 Thy social hearth, and chimney wide,
 Where smoke rolls out, and light *peeps* in
 On souls of jollity and din.

IV.

In Brian-Dick-Dhu's the board was spread,
 And solemnly the blessing said;
 The table groan'd beneath its load,
 And seem'd to watery mouths to bode
 Rare masticating work;
 And anxious faces there were seen,
 And willing hands and stomachs keen,
 And brandish'd knife and fork.

V.

Boots not to sing, in rugged lines,
 'Bout hams and rumps, and chumps and chines,
 Hares, turkeys, sausages, and snipes,
 Colcannon, cow-heels, geese, and tripes,
 Black puddings, piping hot;
 And legs of sheep, and staggering bob
 (Delicious dainties for the gob),
 And potteen strong in meathers flowing,
 And murphies from the embers glowing,
 Or smoking from the pot;
 And sacks of goodly oaten cakes,
 And barley * *strones* thrown down in flakes—
 I say, boots not, in uncouth rhyme,
 In singing these, to waste our time.

VI.

High o'er the board did Brian-Dick-Dhu
 Most gallantly preside;
 And there, to every kinsman's view,
 His wedded Norah, fair and true,
 Sat blushing by his side;
 And there were grand-dads, old and grey,
 And wrinkled grand-dames there;
 And kith and kin, far out and near,
 With hearts of truth, and looks of cheer,
 Were busy with their fare;
 And loud and oft did Brian bawl,
 "Cead-mille Faltagh† to you all."

VII.

Now, every guest, with nimble paw,
 Was eager on his prey,
 And fill'd with choicest food his maw,
 And cratim'd and swill'd away:

* I do not know that the *strone* is peculiar to Ireland. It is a three-cornered cake, on *great* occasions—so large and so well kneaded, that it can be hung to bake before a blazing turf-fire, over a chair back, like a blanket.

† A thousand welcomes.

And there was jest, and gibe, and jeer,
At merry random sung,
And noise in all its full career;
For all would talk, and none would hear,
And loud was every tongue;
And loud and long the bridegroom laugh'd,
As bumpers to his bride were quaff'd;
For much he lov'd the friendly glee,
That gush'd from hearts so frank and free—
And much he lov'd the mirthful song,
That rous'd to joy the jolly throng.

VIII.

The Piper, 'midst the roaring crowd,
Squeez'd hard his drone and played aloud,
And high o'er all his voice was heard;
With potent swigs his throat he clear'd,
Till bumpers, whizzing through his head,
His genius all awakened;

And waving high his hand in air,
At once 'twas solemn silence there;
For well they knew Macdonagh's way,
And none his signal would gainsay;
And prick'd up now was every ear,
His song of mirth or tale to hear.

IX.

In frenzy wild his eye was glaring,
And anxious eyes were on him staring;
And all for ease was laid aside,
The girdle round his middle tied,
And loose his grey frieze coat was flowing,
And fiery red his cheek was glowing;
Then rose his pride of song:
And loud was heard his bagpipe's yell;
But louder still his voice's swell,
As rush'd the strain he pour'd so well,
Loud, rapidly, and strong.

THE PIPER'S SONG.

Oh fair was the morning, and bright was the day,
When General Napier made his guardsmen array,
To hold on their journey to famed Derry town—
And gaily they gallop'd o'er mountain and down;
Their hearts in their bosoms sat lightly and glad,
For little they thought to meet Padreen Mac Faad.

Their steeds were high-mettled, their trappings were gay,
And their armour flash'd bright in the brightness of day,
Their rings and their jewels were gallant and fine
(Och! I wish that such rings and such jewels were mine);
But ere the night came, they were sorry and sad,
For they chanc'd on their way to meet Padreen Mac Faad.

"Come bustle, come bustle, O' Crossagh the bold;
There 's prey on the mountains, there 's spoil in the wold;
Come bustle, come bustle—high deeds must be done
In the face of the day, in the glare of the sun;
For wealth for the fearless in store may be had,
And gold for the winning!" quoth Padreen Mac Faad.

Out sallied the rapparies, firm in their might;
Their word "the strong hand, and pillage our *right*:"
Their pistols were loaded, their carabines slung;
Like the wolf-dog on track, they rush'd fiercely along;
So reckless the spirit, in good cause or bad,
Of wild Shane O' Crossagh and Padreen Mac Faad.

Now high o'er the land blaz'd the bright lamp of day,
And the toil-stiffen'd reapers rejoic'd in its ray,
When the General and comrades came gaudily on—
They stayed not for rock, and they stopt not for stone—
Their swords and their trappings were rattling like mad;
"Och, you'll soon quit your capers!" quoth Padreen Mac Faad.

One flash of his carbine—the General wheel'd round,
And his steed and his rider both roll'd on the ground;
His guardsmen they gaped with a panic-struck stare,
When the voice of O' Crossagh roar'd loud in the rear—
"Surrender, ye knaves, to true knights of the pad;
The strong hand for ever, and Padreen Mac Faad!"

Now oaths wildly sounded, and pistols were flashing,
 And horses high bounded, and broadswords were clashing;
 The demon of plunder in glory did revel,
 For Shane and stout Padreen laid on like the devil;
 Till at length, fairly routed, the whole scarlet squad
 Were tied neck and heels, by brave Padreen Mac Faad.

Their rings and their watches, and jewels so rare,
 And bright store of gold, and fine raiment to wear,
 Were seiz'd by the victors, who strutted so gay
 Round the crest-fallen cravens in martial array;
 And throughout the wide country there ne'er was a lad
 Could match Shane O'Crossagh, or Padreen Mac Faad.*

END OF CANTO SECOND.

REMARKS ON THE POOR LAWS.

To the EDITOR of the BELFAST MAGAZINE.

SIR,

In your last number I observe a letter, addressed to Mr. Grattan, on Irish Poor Laws, by Philopatris. Mr. Grattan obtained leave to bring in a bill for some species of parochial taxation, and Philopatris feeling a horror, perhaps a just horror, of a system like the English Poor Laws, has warmly remonstrated with him on the occasion. Agreeing with Philopatris in much of what he has said, and feeling no anxiety to defend Mr. Grattan's bill, with the details of which I am yet unacquainted, I shall claim a portion of your next number for a few remarks on those parts of the letter in which I differ from the writer, and shall offer some general observations on the same important subject. Much as I think the English system of Poor Laws is to be deprecated, in the present circumstances of Ireland, I am of opinion that your correspondent attributes more evil to them than is really attendant on them. I do not know any country in which the lower classes are more independent in spirit, and where pauperism is less painful in its appearance, than in England; and, without detracting from the merit of the inhabitants of the town of Belfast, I think, on inquiry, it will be found, that in many towns in England, notwithstanding what is called a "heartless and degrading system," there are as great, or greater, voluntary contributions for the benefit of the poor, in addition to the tax, as in Belfast, in proportion to its population. What the effect of Poor Laws on the Irish character might be, I am not prepared to say; and I am not anxious to try rash experiments; but I will assert, that, in England, where they have been in

* The Piper's Song refers to the robbery of General Napier, described before, p. 359, 360, 361.